

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



A Hard Fight, Story from Homan.....	98
New Hebrides Children - Brave Uganda Boys.....	99
One Thousand Million Souls.....	101
No Comfort in Idols.....	101
Winter: -Topsy.....	102
The New Birth - Six Rules of Life.....	103
What a Halfpenny Did - Her Prayer.....	103
Song Rules for Using Books.....	104
Where Are the Nine - Never Soiled His Lips.....	104
African Blacksmithing.....	105
One Block at a Time.....	106
Some Theatre Perils - Looking up.....	107
What Are They Saying.....	108
Queer Customs of Many Lands.....	108
Making Mock Money in China.....	109
Outdone By a Boy.....	109
International S. S. LESSONS.....	110



BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

A HARD FIGHT.

A STORY FROM HONAN

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD:

LAST November a bright young man by the name of Liu, from a village about twenty miles away, came to the dispensary in Hsin Chên to be cured of the opium habit. He, together with several other men in his village, had heard the new doctrine and had resolved to become more familiar with its teachings.

Liu was soon convinced that the doctrine of Jesus Christ was exactly what he needed, and that if he accepted of Christ he would have to change his life and give up all his filthy habits. With this end in view he came to break off the chains which opium had fastened around him. Day by day while with me he read the Gospels and was a regular attendant at morning worship.

He was exhorted to pray earnestly to God for strength to overcome the terrible craving, and at the end of ten days he felt that he had conquered. Before leaving for his home he purchased a copy of the New Testament, and promised that come what would, he would follow Jesus and be His true disciple.

For two or three months encouraging reports came from him, and soon he became one of the leaders among a little band of Christians who met regularly to read the scriptures and to pray.

At first his parents and relatives were delighted to know that he had given up using opium, but when they realized that he was really studying the new doctrine and that he had already given up worshipping idols and burning incense they became greatly alarmed.

At first they reasoned with him, on all their persuasions were of no avail, for the young man was determined to become a Christian. Seeing that mild measures had no effect on the son, the parents at once said that the foreigners had bewitched him, and all the relatives and friends with one accord began to threaten him and to bitterly revile him for allowing himself to be corrupted.

For a while the poor fellow bore up bravely under all their persecutions and taunts. One day, however, the fight waxed hotter than usual and one of the party struck Liu on the mouth, and he could stand it no longer. He called for silence and then asked his parents if they would rather see him a slave to opium and other sins that he was formerly addicted to, or whether they would not rather see him a free man clean in heart and life, a man whom they could honor and respect and whose name might be handed down to posterity as one who desired to live a good life here, and inherit everlasting happiness beyond. With one accord they answered "Go back again to your old ways and habits rather than become a believer in this corrupt doctrine."

Their answer so exasperated the son that in a moment of weakness he called for his old enemy, the opium pipe, and without more ado began to smoke. Again and again he inhaled the subtle fumes until he was quite stupid. He came to his senses only to realize that the old appetite had returned and that his peace of mind was gone. He determined to fight the tempter down, but once, twice, thrice, and five times, the terrible craving conquered.

He then resolved to come back to Hsin Chên and make a full confession, which he did, and begged me to help him. We had a long talk and prayer together and I encouraged him not to trust in medicine, but to trust in God. He remained with us about a week and returned home once more with a light heart and a bright face, because he felt that once more he had gained the victory.

How long will he be able to fight against such odds? With God on his side he *will* win. Pray for him dear children for it is indeed a *hard fight*.

Yours sincerely,
J. FRAZER SMITH.

IF WRONG, OWN IT.—Never be ashamed to own you have been in the wrong; it is but saying in other words that you are wiser today than you were yesterday.

A YOUNG GIRL'S LETTER.

There were many notes of good wishes in the packages of Xmas Cards that were sent last winter for Trinidad, by the young people of Ontario, etc. One of them was as follows :—

"J — — would like to say, 'God bless you.' I often think of you who are so far away from home and friends and pray that your labors may be a blessing to many, and that through your instrumentality many may be brought to their Saviour. I wish I could help you in some way but I am only a young girl and have little spending money, but I wish to act in accordance with this prayer :—

Take my life and let it be,
Consecrate'd Lord to thee.

May the Lord ever bless and keep you from all evil."

Such letters make glad. Do not fear to send them, only do not put your letters in a parcel of cards. The law does not allow it, and fines heavily for it when found out. Send the packages of cards by book post, and mail your letters separately. You can always be sure you are doing some good when you write a sympathetic letter to a missionary

New Hebrides Children. Contrast their teaching with yours. With them, before the Gospel comes to them, crimes of all kinds are common. The parents practice all that is bad. They are taught to lie, and it is more common than truth. Their parents will teach them to steal, and praise them when they do it expertly and successfully, just as your parents sometimes praise you for well doing. They are not taught nor expected to respect their parents. Cruelty and bloodshed are common everyday things. Instead of being taught forgiveness they are taught to revenge, and never to let an injury rest until it is revenged, and they even take pains to preserve the memory of injuries to after-generations. As a rule they have no word for forgiveness in their language.

How different is it with you. You are taught to be honest and true, to respect your parents, to be kind and forgiving. We cannot

expect that they will grow up to be anything but bad, for they are taught that way, and you should not grow up anything but good since that is your teaching. What are you doing to send to them the teaching of Christ that will make them truthful and pure and good?

How they help others. The children of the Indian Industrial School at Regina, in the North-West Territories, are making good progress. They are now studying the International S. S. Lessons which you learn from week to week. They are learning to give also; they take up a collection regularly in their Sabbath School, and what do you think they do with it? They are not merely learning the truth, but are deeply interested in the heathen children from over the seas, who have never heard of Christ, and they mean to devote their money to the support of a native missionary in some foreign land.

BRAVE UGANDA BOYS.

The martyrs did not all belong to days of old. In Uganda, only nine years ago, where the Gospel had only been preached for a few years, there was cruel persecution; but the boys suffered bravely and would not give up their faith. The following awful picture is copied from a paper before us: "Christian boys were bound alive to a scaffolding and slowly burnt to death. These boys amid the fires raised their voices in hymns of praise to Christ—singing till their shriveled tongues could utter no more."

The boys who read this will not have to suffer in that way, but some of them will have to endure being laughed at, if they stand for the right. If these poor Africans just brought in from heathenism, could stand so bravely for the right, surely our boys will not be

"Ashamed to own their Lord
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the glory of His cross
And honor all His laws."

And if mission work can gather such boys from heathenism what an encouragement it is to us to send them the Gospel.

Home Missions. Foreign Missions are to convert the heathen to Christianity. Home Missions are to prevent people in Christian lands becoming heathen. But is there any danger of that? Yes. In the far west in the new settlements the gambling and drinking saloons find their way, and if the missionary does not come, the people soon neglect the Sabbath, or make it a day of sport and drunkenness, and in a little while there comes to be little more religion than in heathen lands. In fact there is not so much, for the heathen have their worship, such as it is.

To keep these new settlements from becoming heathen, our Church sends Home Missionaries to preach to them, and it is usually but a little time till there is a pretty church and a quiet, Sabbath keeping people.

Last summer a missionary going for the first time to a new field in a rich valley that took him a month to explore found only ten professing Christians among all the hundreds he visited.

In another place where there had never been any preaching, the young men used to meet on Sabbath, in each other's houses, to drink and gamble, and do worse. The missionary began to preach. There was a revival. Some of these young men were converted, and then when the missionary student had to leave for the winter they used to meet in each other's houses on Sabbath to pray.

You see that our Home Mission work is a very important one, and young people should help in it for it is helping to make our own country better, and fitting it for doing more for the heathen world.

Ptaux Trembles. This is the name of a school of which some of you know. It is about nine miles from Montreal, and is doing a grand work. There were in attendance during the past winter, 112 boys and 72 girls, more than ever before. 104 of these were children whose parents still belong to the Church of Rome, but the knowledge that these children get will do much to give the parents light. Twenty-five of the young

people were converted during the winter and professed their faith in Christ. I wish you could see the glad bright throng at the school, and hear them as they sing sweet Gospel hymns, and you would feel that what you give to Pointe aux Trembles is doing great good.

The French Children. The French Roman Catholic children in the Province of Quebec do not have such good schools as the most of you have. One who knows, says, that when a child leaves these schools at twelve or thirteen years of age, he does not know much, except some Latin prayers, which he does not understand, he knows the Roman Catholic Catechism, he knows that he must do what the priest tells him without questioning, and he knows there is a book,—the Bible—so bad that none but a priest must open and read it. Pity and pray for these children brought up in so much ignorance, with little knowledge to fit them for life here or life hereafter.

A converted rum shop. While our new school house was building, I have been teaching in an old rum shop, writes Miss Fisher, our mission teacher in Couva, Trinidad. It was the only place that could be got. Some of my friends thought it was taking a "step backwards." I said that converting a rum shop into a mission school was not surely taking a step backwards. However we will all be glad to get back to our old, or I should say, our new—quarters.

We have not so much trouble getting the children out to school as we had last year. Although this is grinding season, when the sugar cane is grinding in the mills, and the little folk like to gather and suck the sweet canes, yet they are quite willing to come to school.

They bring their food in little tin pans, and I made a rule that all pans were to be given to me each morning to be kept till breakfast hour, which with us is well on in the forenoon.

It is very amusing to see the little tots coming up with their little pans, and when breakfast hour comes I see them all seated with their breakfast; while I go to mine, and a monitor stays to see that no one steals off. It has been very difficult to keep them from getting off at that hour, and some are sure not to come back.



Negro Girls of South Central Africa.

ONE THOUSAND MILLION SOULS.

A RECITATION.

DYING, dying, dying!
In deep and dark despair;
In speechless sorrow lying,
In wan and weary care.

No God, no Christ, no hope,
In rayless gloom they grope,
And dying, dying, dying.

Mid China's peopled plains,
Or Greenland's frozen snow,
Where India's temple fanes
In glittering splendors glow—

And many an ocean isle
Mid nature's sweetest smile
One night of horror reigns.

Yes, dying, dying, dying,
As hopeless wanderers die,
No gleam of light decrying
Along their darkened sky.

No Christ to them made known,
No blood which doth atone
For sins of deepest dye.

"One thousand million souls,"
What means this mighty host?
Where rushes, gurgles, rolls
This torrent of the lost?

In surging stream it pours
Upon the eternal shores,
Where—Lord thou only know'st.

And must they die un-mournt?
Die, in their voiceless grief?
Die, mid their woes untaught?
Die, like the withered leaf?

And in their hour of need
Shall none give willing heed
Or send the craved relief?

No, no, it must not be—
Rise, sluggish Church of God
The Saviour calls to thee

"Through all the earth abroad,
Go, ere the years are flown,
And there my love make known,
Wherever man hath trod."—*Sel.*

NO COMFORT IN IDOLS.

A writer in the *Canadian Missionary Link* tells of a visit she made to an idol temple:

"As I drew near I heard a cry like the wail of some bereaved mother weeping for her child. I paused for a little before going nearer, lest I might disturb the worshipper and miss what I longed to see. I had not long to wait. The sound came again—a low, sobbing cry. A step forward and I could see a poor woman sitting on the ground before the idol, now weeping, now shouting frantically like one in hysterics, now scolding the idol. 'You killed my child! You didn't save my child! I gave you three fowls and a goat, but you didn't save my child. You mean old thing! You are not God at all. You have no pity for me. I won't give you any more goats.'"

Thus saying, in revenge she spat upon the idol, which made no reply, offered no resist-ance, and gave no comfort to its worshipper.

I then told her of the true God and of His Son Jesus Christ, who offered Himself a sacrifice for her sins. The old, old story seemed to comfort her, as it comforts all who mourn. Who will tell it to *India's* and *Africa's* won-en?"

WINTER.

I stood in the gathering shadows
Of a dull, drear, wintry day;
And I thought of the vanished summer,
And the flowers which had lined the way.

I thought of the warm, bright sunshine
The ripple of the stream,
The songs the wood-birds carolled,
The glow of sunset sheen.

And I sighed when I gazed at the contrast,
And longed with a throb of pain
That the long, drear winter were over,
And summer were back again.

Till white and still came the snowflakes
Down through the thickening air,
Cold and soft and silent,
Alighting everywhere.

They covered the old worn arbour
With a robe of spotless white,
And flung on the pine-tree branches
A drapery soft and light.

They fell on the lordly castle
Of the rich and high and great,
And down on the peasant's cottage,
And over his rustic gate.

They fell on the lonely churchyard
Where the weary pilgrims sleep,
And out on the dreary moorland,
And down on the village street.

Till the whole broad land was whitened
With a garment pure and fair—
Man seemed, with his sins and passions,
The only black thing there.

Then I thought of him who has promised
To clothe us in spotless dress,
And present us to His Father
In His own pure righteousness

And I saw that even winter
Has a beauty passing fair,
Which summer with all its riches
Can ne'er with it compare.

Then over the soft, pure mantle
From the shining heights above,
The sunshine in floods came streaming
Sweet pledge of the Father's love.

Thus the seasons, each in their courses,
As they come at His word of command,
Show forth in their varied glories
The power of His loving hand.

And whenever we look at the snow-wreaths
With their glitter of silvery white,
May our hearts be lifted upwards
To the regions of endless light?—*Youth.*

TOPSY

SUDEAN, a little girl who was very full of fun, with bright, dark eyes that laughed, lived away over in India. They had a terrible famine there. The mother died and then the father, and no one was left to take care of the little girl? She had stopped laughing and could only cry, "I am so hungry, so hungry!"

The missionaries found her and took her home to their pleasant orphanage, where she had plenty of food and pleasant playmates and kind friends to love her. But she played so many pranks that they named her Topsy: and sometimes Topsy made a good deal of trouble for her playmates and her loving friends, for she wanted to have her fun whether it was fun to them or not.

But one day she heard the missionary say that Jesus had died for her sins. She listened very closely, and soon she gave her heart to Jesus. After that she felt she must tell others the same sweet story. So she used to go with the Bible woman into the homes of the women of India and help teach the verses.

One day she saw a strange woman sitting by the roadside on a tiger skin. Her hair was all matted together, as if she had not combed it for years. Her face and arms were rubbed with sacred ashes, and she had a necklace of nuts that were also thought to be sacred. She was dressed in yellow, for that was the way those holy women dressed, and this woman was thought to be so holy that she was worshipped as a goddess, and people used to take the dust off her feet and put it to their foreheads, thinking it very sacred.

What do you think Topsy did? She sat down beside this woman and asked her if she had ever heard of Jesus, and she told her all she could and then invited her to go and hear the missionary talk.

Of course nobody thought this woman, who was called a goddess by the people of India and honored by thousands of natives, would accept the invitation of this child. But she did, and you see God helped the little child as much as the grown woman. The missionary talked with the woman and found she was very learned. She could speak in four languages, but she listened to the story of Jesus like a little child, and gave her heart to Him.

Then she felt just as Topsy did—she must go and tell the story to others, and she said, "I must go back to every city where I have told the wrong story and tell the right one." Thousands had come to see her when she was baptized and gave up all her worldly honors and now she started forth just like a humble water carrier of India to tell to all of Jesus.

Did not our little Topsy help? Is it not worth while to earn, save, and send our pennies to give the Gospel to the little friends over there and to pray for them.—*Dayspring.*

THE NEW BIRTH.

I cannot be a Christian *outwardly* unless I am one *inwardly*.

All true Christianity commences from *within*. The heart must first be changed and made right, then all else will be right; but if that be wrong, everything else will be wrong.

By nature the heart is wrong, quite wrong. All are born in sin, and shapen in iniquity; all are by nature children of wrath. Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, hence the blessed Jesus says, "Ye *must* be borne again."

He does not say *if*, or *but*, or *ye ought*, but He says positively and absolutely *ye must* be born again—born of the Spirit—not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

Paul says: "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Reader, what do you know of this new birth? Are you born again? There is no heaven for you without it.—*Sel.*

WHAT A HALFPENNY DID.

The *Montreal Star* gives an account of the success of a Sunday scholar in investing a halfpenny or cent. Eighteen cents were given to different persons, teachers and scholars, on a recent New Year's day, at the First Baptist Church, St. Catherine Street, Montreal, the conditions being that each of these eighteen should make the most they possibly could out of them in a year's time.

When the reports were made at the close of the year, Miss Nellie White, a scholar, and one of the youngest of the competitors, came in first, making during the year out of her cent, nearly twenty dollars.

Miss Nellie, when she received her halfpenny, did not exactly know what to do with it, but after consideration, decided on trying her hand at making bread. She had only one halfpenny capital, but borrowed another from her mother, and with the penny bought a halfpenny's worth of flour and a halfpenny's worth of yeast, with which she made a small loaf, which she sold for two pence. After that she was able to buy more flour and more yeast, each time increasing her purchases and her sales, until, during the year she had used up 450 lbs. of flour, with the result as above.

Others of the competitors, including several of the oldest teachers of the Sunday School, made different endeavours with their halfpenny, some of them trying painting, fancy work, candy making, etc., but none of them coming up to the amount made by Miss Nellie White. The total amount realized from the eighteen cents was considerably

over one hundred dollars, which was applied to the missionary fund.—*Sel.*

HER PRAYER.

This was how it happened. The last two sleeping-cars were thrown down the embankment. I was in one of those cars. And a perfect wreck they were, a mass of broken timbers. Truly, it was kindling-wood, and it kindled.

Then arose an appalling wail of souls in agony. Human prayers and human curses; prayers to be taken, prayers to be spared; while straight into the air rose the pillar of steam and smoke.

Staggering and amazed, filled with wonder at my escape, I heard a pitiful little moan amidst a tangled mass of splintered timbers, bell-cords and velvet cushions.

Poor little girl! I remembered she had sat in the seat in front of me. Her golden curls had seemed an aureole, that enhanced the sweetness of her pure face. With the help of others, I succeeded in extricating her bruised and broken form.

She was horribly lacerated, but her face, by some rare chance, remained untouched. We laid her gently down, beyond the heat of the burning cars.

The moisture of agony was on her cold white forehead, her eyes were contracted with unutterable pain. The scarlet thread of her pure little lips were parted, her mouth was parched and dry and drawn. She did not see us,—she was looking far beyond. Though she wished for death to end her agony, yet she feared to suffer greater pain. With all the sweet simplicity of a child's faith she closed her eyes and said, "Oh, take me, God, but please be easy!"

He took her. The rigor of her face relaxed, and the smile that illuminated it was evidence enough to us who remained that He had answered her prayer.—*Sel.*

SIX RULES OF LIFE.

1. Never lose any time. Time spent in recreation is not lost.
2. Never err the least from the truth.
3. Never say an ill thing of a person whom you can say a good thing. Not only speak charitably, but feel so.
4. Never be irritable or unkind to any one.
5. Never indulge in luxuries that are not necessary.
6. Do all things with consideration.

Temperance, virtue and morality in youth and young manhood are the surest guarantees of a happy and contented old age. Build for the future as well as for the present.—*Young Men's Era.*

SONG.

I'VE two little hands
To work for Jesus,
One little tongue,
His praises to sing,
Two little ears
To hear his counsel,
One little voice
His song to swell.

CHORUS—Lord, we come; Lord, we come;
In our childhood's early morning;
Lord, we come; Lord, we come,
To learn of thee.

I've two little feet
To tread his pathway
Up to the heavenly courts above,
Two little eyes to read the Bible
Telling of Jesus and his love.

RULES FOR USING BOOKS.

WHILE books are numerous and cheap, that does not justify their careless use. The length of time which school and other books last depends on the way they are used. Some people by care keep books neat and in good condition for years, or even a lifetime, while others seriously soil or destroy them in a very little time. Children should be early taught how to handle books. The following rules are worthy of careful study; and their observance would in a short time greatly improve the appearance of books in many households:

Never hold a book near the fire.
Never drop a book on the floor.
Never turn the leaves with the thumb.
Never lean or rest upon an open book.
Never turn down the corner of leaves.
Never touch a book with damp or soiled hands.

Always turn leaves from the top with the middle or forefinger.

Always open large books from the middle, and never from the ends or cover.

Never open a book farther than to bring both sides of the cover into the same plane.

Never cut the leaves of a book or magazine with a sharp knife, as the edge is sure to run into the print, nor with the finger, but with a paper-cutter or ordinary table-knife.

Never hold a small book with the thumb pressed into the binding at the lower back, but hold it with the thumb and little finger upon the back.—*Exchange*.

WHERE ARE THE NINE.

[A Recitation for Five Children.]

NOR, as of old, the Blessed One we find,
Healing the lepers, and the lame and blind,
But his dear Spirit in our hearts is nigh:
And thus I hear his tender accents cry:
"If ten I call and only one is mine,
Where are the nine?"

There were some weary, heavy-laden men,
I counted them and saw that there were ten;
One turned aside to hear that voice, so blest,
That says, "Come unto me, I give you rest;
Welcome," says Jesus, "but, O, son of mine,
Where are the nine?"

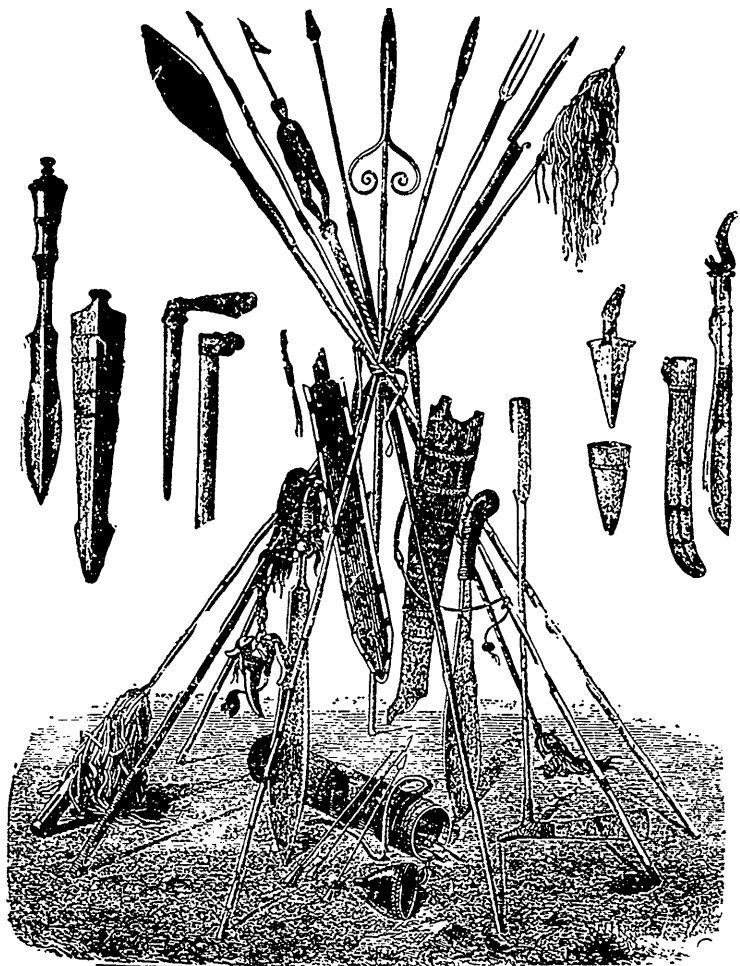
A band of women saw I, mild and fair,
I counted them and found that ten were there;
One turned aside and said in accents sweet,
"I chose the better part, at thy dear feet."
"Welcome," said Jesus, "but, O, daughter
mine,
Where are the nine?"

A group of little children gathered round,
I counted them, and ten dear lambs I found:
One turned aside, for, glad and happy, she
Heard, "Let the little children come to me:
Welcome," said Jesus, "but, dear lamb of
mine,
Where are the nine?"

The one that comes, his arms enfold with
love,
I hear him calling for the nine that rove
O'er the dark mountains, through the dreary
ways;
His voice is sounding, and it sweetly says,
"I'll go to seek and save all these of mine;
Where are the nine?"—*Sel.*

NEVER SOILED HIS LIPS.

We could not help overhearing an elderly gentleman conversing with a dozen young college boys, the other day. He told them that never in all his life had he soiled his lips with a profane or an obscene word, or a drop of strong drink. He made the assertion with no semblance of conceit, out with the ring of gratitude in his voice that God had kept these, if not other, stains from marring his character. A kind of prig, or a goody-goody, milk-and-water personage do you fellows who are just blossoming into manhood, call him? Ah! but you should have seen his erect carriage, his dignified, yet modest bearing, his pure face, and most of all the loving and admiring glances with which those boys regarded him. Perhaps some of them prayed that night more earnestly than ever, for clean lips and a pure heart.



AFRICAN BLACKSMITHING.

ONE BLOCK AT A TIME.



VERY old friend of mine, one who hardly ever fails me when I go to him saying "Can you give me a good true story?" has just given me the following little anecdote, and as it is a piece of his own bright boyhood, you will read it with interest.

One day when I returned home from school I saw outside our door a large pile of wood blocks. My father was going to build an additional room at the back of the house, adjoining the parlour, and these oak blocks were to form a solid flooring for the new room.

"Shall you have to take in those blocks?" asked Ted Hume, one of my school companions, "I call it a shame if you do! My mother says you do too much at home, and that you don't have time for play. She says play means good health."

"Stop that," I cried, for I knew why; he spoke as he did. It was Saturday afternoon, and we had a little cricket match on, and I was bowler. "If I have to do it, I shall not be very long."

"I would not do it," persisted Ted, "your father ought to hire a man." Something inside me leaped up at this. I saw the pile of blocks getting higher and higher, and by the time Ted had left me, and I was going dejectedly indoors, I felt that I was indeed a very badly used boy, and how fine a thing it was to be Ted.

As if to rebuke my unworthy thoughts, my gentle mother gave me a bright smile as I loafed discontentedly into the kitchen. "Willie, my boy," said she, "the wood has come, so on Monday father will be able to begin the new room."

"I saw it; I couldn't help seeing such an enormous pile as that," I said, with a grunt. I went and looked out of the window, and appeared to be studying the size of the wood-pile.

"How long do you suppose it will take a man to get in all that, mother?" I asked, guiltfully. "Will Trounce do it?"

"No; Trounce will not do it, my son," was my mother's reply.

In my heart I knew why. My father had just begun business for himself by starting a chemical factory, and he now needed all his available capital, so that for some time my mother and he had resolved to live as economically as possible, that it might be the better for us all by and by.

Dinner was now ready, and our dear parents took their places at table with grateful thanks to God for his mercies, and with smiles for my two sisters and myself. My mother was so bright.

"I hope, Willie," said she, when she had

helped my father, "that you have brought three things to table with you?"

"What are the three things, mother?" asked father.

"Gratitude, hunger, and cheerfulness," said dear mother.

But I made no reply. My head was hung sulkily over my plate, and I would not smile at any of the pleasant and cheerful talk around me. I was half-choking over my carefully-prepared meal, and no wonder, for I felt all the time that I was trying to swallow the pile of wood blocks! My father stood in the entry after dinner. He called me.

"Now, my boy," said he, "make up your mind to get in that wood before I return. You have a long, fine afternoon."

"But, father," I grumbled, "I shall get no play, There's a match on this afternoon at four. What shall I do?"

"I have told you what to do, my son," said father, taking no notice of my objection.

I sought out my mother, hoping to find a weak spot in her.

"Mother," I said, dogging her footsteps as she went actively about her duties in the house, "why does not father hire a man to get all that wood in? You should hear what Ted Hume's mother thinks: she says it is too much for a boy to do."

Suddenly I saw a flash of pain cloud my mother's dear face; she turned away, but there were tears in her eyes. I knew she never spared herself for us; ashamed, I hurried out of her presence, and stood before the wood-pile. I took off my jacket, and went round the side of the house to put it in a little arbour there; on my way I passed mother's room, and looking in, saw her kneeling with hands clasped and head bowed.

I rushed out to the pile of blocks, but again the words Ted Hume had spoken came uppermost. Everything looked black. I began to chip the bark off one of the blocks with my penknife, while I whistled my discontent.

"I wish it would take fire!" I said to myself over and over again. I saw my mother coming, and I began to hustle over doing nothing. She spoke; "Willie, my son, had you not better begin to stack the wood at once? It will not take you long, then."

"Mother," I cried, "it is such an immense pile. Just think of doing it all this hot afternoon! I shall be forever at it, and then when it is done I shall be nearly dead."

"Willie," said she, "come with me and look at the wood; I must not have you 'nearly dead,' and if by three o'clock you have not taken in all the logs I will finish it."

"That you shall not!" I exclaimed, stung by her gentle words. "I don't mind doing it, but *how* I am to do so is the thing."

This was talking nonsense, as I quite well knew.

"Dear," said mother, taking the first block off. "It cannot hurt you if you carry in one block at a time."

I seized the block she held, and ran with it round the house.

"Only one block at a time!" I cried. "The pile will soon grow small, mother; you go in and rest. I never thought of it that way. I might have had it in by now"; and I ran back and forth with one block at a time, and was so intent on my work, so ashamed of the unworthy thoughts I had fostered all through Ted Hume's foolish speech, that I forgot to think, until I was carrying in the last block. I heard the chime for a quarter to three o'clock, and I rushed into the house, crying out:

"Mother, mother, all the wood is in, and I want to know if I can do anything else? I feel as strong and as fresh as a lion." I coaxed my arms round her neck. "Mother, how patient you were, and I so naughty and rebellious!"

She drew me to her in an embrace I shall never forget.

"My dear son, my happy son!" she said, "you will enjoy your cricket after this; and remember, it is 'with such sacrifices that God is well pleased.'"

I do remember. Her words have been with me ever since that day, and often when work has looked difficult, and there have been obstacles in the way, I have jogged my memory with "One block at a time, remember; begin at once, and go on to the end."

My life has been one of successful effort, and I owe it to my mother that I am what I am to-day.

What became of Ted Hume? Ah, poor fellow, he made a bad job of his life; enlisted as a common soldier after several failures, and then deserted!

"One block at a time" and St. Paul's words, "This one thing I do," will help us to surmount the difficulties of life as they meet us, even on the threshold. There are many conflicting duties; calls from both sides; urgings on the right hand and the left; but we children of God have only to see the work He sets before us, and to carry it out patiently, perfectly, "one block at a time."—From "The Christian."

Burdette's advice to boys is, "Don't smoke, my boy. It makes you stupid, so it doesn't advance you in athletic sports. It makes you nervous, so it doesn't make you a better shot. It makes you smell like a taproom. so it doesn't make you pleasant company. It doesn't do you one particle of good; it makes you appear silly and ridiculous; it is as disagreeable and offensive to yourself as it is to anybody else; you don't get a bit of comfort out of it, and you know it, so don't smoke."

SOME THEATRE PERILS.

It endangers health. The change, when improperly clad, from the hot and fetid air of the playhouse to the wintry blasts outside; the little suppers which follow, too frequently accompanied by intoxicating drinks; the late hours and the attendant excitement, preventing sleep, sap the vitality of even the healthiest body, and sow the seed of an early death.

It encourages habits of extravagance and dishonesty. Not one out of a hundred can really afford the expense which its patronage demands. Those who live in rented houses, those who are ranked as "dead beats," make the larger portion of its audiences. It is a bed of quicksand for the hard-earned dollars of the young man who should sacredly save for the home in which he hopes to lead the woman he loves.

It is a constant menace to the sacredness of home. Not a week passes but the papers record the escapades of stage-struck girls, who flee from the sheltering purity of home to a fate worse than death.

It lowers the tone of public morals. Young men and women witness with a longing envy the career of actors, and long to live their lives; and when they know that these lives, with the rarest exceptions, are rotten to the core, the knowledge has a profound influence towards immorality.

It keeps in prominence a vicious class. The matrimonial ties among actors are as ropes of sand. There is scarcely one who has not been repeatedly married and repeatedly divorced. Many of its travelling troops make peripatetic bagnios, lowering the moral tone of every town they enter. Even Booth, according to his last eulogist and biographer, Mr. Winter, for many years was an abject slave to liquor.—*In Golden Rule.*

LOOKING UP.

A man who was in the habit of going to a neighbor's corn-field to steal the grain, one day took his son with him, a boy of about eight years of age. The father told him to hold the bag while he looked if any one were near to see him. After standing upon the fence, and peeping through all the corn-rows, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his sinful work. "Father," said the boy, "you forgot to look somewhere else." The man dropped the bag in a fright, and said, "Which way, child?" "You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God were noticing you." The father felt this reproof of the child so much, that he left the corn—returned home, and never again ventured to steal.—*Cheever.*

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

I hear the voice of children
 Calling from over the seas ;
 The wail of their pleading accents
 Comes borne upon ev'ry breeze.

And what are the children saying,
 Away in those heathen lands,
 As they plaintively lift their voices,
 And eagerly stretch their hands ?

" O Buddha is cold and distant ;
 He does not regard our tears.
 We pray, but he never answers ;
 We call, but he never hears.

" O vain is the Moslem Prophet,
 And bitter his creed of ' Fate,'
 It lightens no ill to tell us
 That Allah is only great.

" We have heard of a God whose mercy
 Is tenderer far than these ;
 We are told of a kinder Saviour
 By sahibs from over the seas.

" They tell us that when you offer
 Your worship He always hears ;
 Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings,
 Our Buddha is blind to tears !

" We grope in the midst of darkness,
 With none who can guide aright.
 O share with us, Christian chriander
 A spark of your living light !"

This, this is the plaintive burden
 Borne hitherward on the breeze,
 These, these are the words they are saying,
 Those children beyond the seas !

MARGARET J. PRESTON,

In "*Children Work for Children.*"

COURAGE TO THE FRONT.

It often requires a good deal of stiff, sterling courage in a young man or woman to quit the old associations and stand forth before the world as an uncompromising follower of Christ. And just because it requires such courage, many long hesitate to assert all necessary courage and make all needed sacrifice.

In one of his bold and stirring sermons, Dr. Maclaren says: "I wonder how many young men, to whom these words are addressed, have pluck enough in them to come out on Christ's side? I do believe that many young men do not want an easy life; they would rather have a hard time and a stern battle. We have brave spirits among us still, who like to lead the forlorn hope and are not afraid. I challenge such to come and serve my Master, fully and thoroughly, and they shall have a

rough time of it; but they shall have glory and honor and immortality as their reward."

There are, doubtless, many such young men, and women, too, in our land, and they should be urged and encouraged to break away from the evil ties which have long bound them, and take a strong stand for Christ and his truth. But let no one tell them that in becoming Christians they shall have any right to expect a life of untroubled ease, of dulcet delight from beginning to end. Far too many in the churches are simply smelling the roses of the garden of the Lord. We want more who, having courage to come out from the world, will have courage also to hold to the front the banner of Christ without faltering.—*Ex.*

QUEER CUSTOMS OF MANY LANDS.

In Africa they have many forms of greeting. Among some of the tribes the custom is to touch chin to chin; others, again, rub elbows. David Livingstone, the great African missionary, tells us of an old chief who smeared his (Livingstone's) nose with tallow, and thought that the very nicest way in the world to let him know he was welcome.

A missionary in China writes that once when she went to call upon some Chinese ladies they asked her to take off her hat and let them see her hair; then they wanted to know how many years the American mothers had to iron over their children's heads to make the hair curly, and if that burned color. Now, my little curly-haired boys and girls, what have you to say to that? The missionary goes on to say, "Once a Chinese lady came to a missionary lady and told her confidentially of something that would change her golden hair to black, and she could hardly believe it possible when told that in America light hair was considered beautiful."

Horses are but little used in Japan except in mountain travelling, where one goes upon horseback. Horses wear straw shoes instead of being shod according to our method. Naturally, these shoes have a remarkable facility for wearing out, and continually need to be replaced. When horses die they are decently buried, and stones are placed over their graves.

The finest toy of Japan—as no doubt all you youngsters will agree—is carried about the streets by a man or woman for any child to play with who is the owner of a hundredth part of a cent, or one "cash." This is a small charcoal stove, a copper griddle, spoons, and cups, and, above all, ready-made batter and sauce. The happy child who hires this outfit can sit down on the floor and cook and eat "griddle cakes" to its heart's content. Could anything be nicer?—*Mission Dayspring.*

MAKING MOCK MONEY IN CHINA.

A curious industry in some of the provinces of China is the manufacture of mock money for offering to the dead. Formerly sham paper money was burned, but now mock dollars are used. They are only half the size of real dollars, but the dead are supposed not to know the difference: and, moreover, there is no more harm in cheating the dead than there is in cheating the living. To make them tin, hammered out till it is not thicker than the thickest paper, is punched to the size of half dollars and pasted on disks of cardboard. A boy then takes the pieces, and with two dies, one representing the one side and the other the reverse, hammers impressions of dollars upon them, and the money is ready for use.



How the Chinese Treat Defaulting Cashiers.

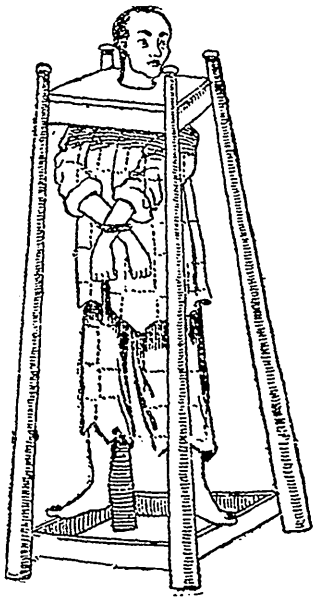
REPENTANCE.

'Tis not enough to say,
 "I'm sorry," and repent,
 And still go on from day to day
 The way we always went.

Repentance is to leave
 The sins we loved before,
 And show that we in earnest grieve,
 By doing so no more.

OUTDONE BY A BOY.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small and said to him, "You never will amount to much—you never can do much business—you are too small." "Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do." "Ah, what is that?" they asked. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know and urged him to tell them what he could do that none of them was able to do. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow, "There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.—Sel.



How the Chinese treat Bankrupts.

International *S. & S.* Lessons.

15 July.

VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

Les. Matt. 2; 1-12. Gol. Text, Matt. 2; 11.
Mem. vs. 9-11. Catechism Q. 81.

In last lesson we saw Jesus as an infant in the temple. Then Joseph and Mary instead of going away north with Him to Nazareth, their home, returned south to Bethlehem, where he had been born, and soon afterwards when He was six or eight weeks old, came the visit of the wise men.

These men were from the plains of Babylon. In the book of Daniel we learn that there were many wise or learned men there, and some who pretended to be wise were very foolish.

But how did they know anything about Christ's coming? In this way. The Jews were in captivity in Babylon in Daniel's time, and many of them remained scattered through the Persian Empire. These people had their Scriptures with them and some of their prophecies foretold the coming of Christ. Daniel had been noted among the wise men of that country several hundred years before, and in his book these men would read about Messiah the Prince, and about the time he was to come.

Further, they used to think that any strange grouping of the stars had something to do with the affairs of men. Learned men tell us that about this time there must have been unusual coming together of the stars. Common people would not notice it, but these wise men did, and when they saw it and knew that the time had come spoken of by Daniel, when Messiah the Prince should come, they felt that the stars had something to do with it. Then as this Prince was to be so great they wished to be among the first to do Him honor.

But where should they find Him! They thought that the best plan was to come to Jerusalem, a journey of several hundred miles, and inquire there. How anxious they were to do Him honor when they took so long a journey!

When they came, no one that they asked had heard about His coming, but some of the scribes knew that the old prophets had told how Jesus was to be born in Bethlehem.

They went to Bethlehem, about six miles from Jerusalem, and found Him as they were directed. Then when they looked up they saw the same grouping of the stars that they had seen in their Eastern home, and not knowing that the world moved round they would naturally think that the star had come with them all the way. In addition to this there may have been a miraculous star, but they found Bethlehem by inquiry. Then

they worshipped Him who was born king of the Jews.

It is not probable that they had any idea of who he was. Their idea, as was that of the Jews, was of a great earthly king and kingdom.

When they had been making inquiry in Jerusalem, Herod the king heard of it. He felt that if another king should arise he would be dethroned and perhaps killed, and he determined to prevent this if he could. So he sent for the wise men before they left for Bethlehem, and asked them how long it was since they had first noticed the star. We are not told how long it was, but it is probable they told him they had seen it more than a year previously. Herod then told them that when they had found the king they should come back and tell him, that he might come and worship Him also. But he was deceiving them. He wished to kill Him.

When they had found the Saviour, worshipped Him, and presented their gifts, they would probably remain in Bethlehem for some time before returning to their far Eastern home, and in that time God sent a dream warning them not to go back and tell Herod, but to go home some other way. Herod no doubt thought he was very cunning, that he was going to get possession of the infant king very easily, but he had forgotten as people often do that he had to deal with God. God sent two dreams, one to the wise men telling them not to go back to Herod, and one to Joseph and Mary telling them to escape into Egypt. One of these dreams is mentioned in this lesson and one in the next.

1. If those wise men came so far to pay homage to a king, how much more should we seek and find and worship the Christ.

2. Herod was troubled at the coming of Christ. All guilty ones will be troubled when He comes to judgment. Seek His forgiveness now and you will be ready.

There was a poor Scotch laddie in America at the time of a strange shower of meteors or stars in 1833. Men and women on every hand were in terror for they thought the day of judgment had come. At once the boy was on his feet shouting "Glory to God, I'm ready." Are you ready to meet Him?

22 July.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Les. Matt. 2; 13-23. Gol. Text, Ps. 121; 8.
Mem. vs. 13-15. Catechism C. 85.

Herod kept waiting and watching from day to day, for the return of the wise men from Bethlehem, and he expected soon to have in his power this child whom he so much dreaded. But days passed and they did not come. Then perhaps he sent down to Bethlehem, which was only six miles distant, to

find out why they had not returned. His messengers ask in the town for the three strangers. Oh they have gone away home. They are far away by this time.

Herod had planned, but he forgot to take God into the account. God had sent a dream to the wise men not to return to Herod, but to go to their home some other way.

Herod was very angry that his plan had failed, and that He, a king, had been thus disobeyed, and in his rage he planned to kill all the children of Bethlehem that were under two years of age, thinking that in this way he would be sure to destroy the child he feared.

But he again Herod forgot that he had to deal with a Mightier One than himself. God sent another dream, this time to Joseph and Mary telling them to take away the child into Egypt for Herod would seek to destroy it. By night they stole away from Bethlehem when the people were fast asleep, and when morning came, scarcely any one missed them for they were strangers, and any who had known them would suppose that they had left for home. But away into Egypt they journeyed, where, long before, their ancestors had been slaves.

Herod blinded with hate and rage, sent his soldiers and carried out his cruel plan. What sorrow and anguish there would be. The baby boy in every home, not merely laid low in death, but cruelly killed by the soldiers. This is one of the most cruel things in the world's history.

These little ones died instead of the Christ child, of such is the kingdom of heaven, and will not this little band always have a special interest for Christ. Perhaps you and I will see that band some day and will join with them in praising Him who afterwards died for them and us.

But Herod did not live long. A few weeks after this cruel deed he died a horrible death. How bitter are the fruits of sin.

And now another dream came to Joseph and Mary. "Go back again to your own land for those who wanted to kill the child are now themselves dead."

Joseph brought the family back again, and would probably have made their home in Bethlehem, near to the royal city, so that when the child grew up he would be near his throne. But as they were on the way back they heard that Herod was indeed dead, but that his son was king, and they were afraid to live so near him as Bethlehem was, and so they went past, and went away north to their old home, and there the child Jesus grew to manhood.

This making of His home in Nazareth also fulfilled an old prophecy, for the prophets had foretold that the coming king should be called a Nazarene.

1. How safe are those for whom God cares.
2. How foolish for any one to plan when he is going contrary to God's plans.

3. Let it be our constant prayer that God would lead us in His way, and then His plans will be our delight.

4. The child Jesus was in danger but God saved him, and if boys and girls trust and follow Him now, He will deliver them from all the ills that may seek to injure them.

29 July.

THE YOUTH OF JESUS.

Les. Luke 2: 40-52.

Gol. Text. Luke 2: 52.

Mem. vs. 46-49.

Catechism Q. 86.

We have just one glimpse of Jesus from infancy to manhood. We get a good look at Him when He was twelve years old.

But hold, we have something more about Him before He was twelve. We are told that "He grew and waxed strong, filled with wisdom." What a grand picture of a growing, hopeful boy! Getting bigger and stronger day by day and living wisely and well. There is no need for boys to be as grave as old men. God did not intend them to be. He made the lams to play and children too. But there is no need for boys to be foolish or bad. It does not make them manly, but the opposite. The boys whom everybody likes and respects are the strong, manly, generous, brave, tender boys. These are the boys whom Jesus loves and He has left an example for them to follow.

Every year there was a great meeting at Jerusalem at the feast of the Passover, and the people from all parts of the country used to go. They would gather in crowds and travel for days together. It was a very pleasant time for them. And best of all they would see the Holy City and the temple God's dwelling place.

When boys reached the age of twelve years they were thought to be old enough to take upon themselves the responsibility of keeping the law, and they were called "sons of the law" and used to go with the older people to Jerusalem, and so the boy Jesus, when he came to be twelve, went up to the feast.

It was probably the first time He had been there since he was an infant. He had heard much about it. When Joseph and Mary came back from previous visits the eager intelligent, boy, would question them much about the temple and worship and sacrifices, and with what joy He would set out with them to go to His first Passover. When he reached Jerusalem how delighted He would be! The temple, His Father's house, would be a chief attraction to Him.

The feast was over and the people from Nazareth started to go home, a journey of three or four days, for they would not travel more than fifteen or twenty miles a day.

For the first day Joseph and Mary did not see Jesus, but thinking that, boy-like, He and the other boys from Nazareth were together somewhere in the company, they were not anxious. When they stopped for the night, lodging by the wayside, in the open air, they went from group to group, inquiring for their boy, but could not find Him.

They would not sleep much that night. How could a mother sleep when her boy was lost. Her anxious wonder would be "Where is my boy to-night? Perhaps she would think of the time when he was an infant, when Herod tried to kill Him and had killed all the children in Bethlehem, and she would fear that He had been cruelly put to death.

Early next morning they left their friends and started back alone. How eagerly they would ask along the way, whether a boy had been seen. About nightfall they would reach the city. Next morning they began their search, and at length, coming to the temple, they found Him talking to the teachers there, while everybody wondered that He knew so much and was so wise. His mother asked Him why He had done this and told Him of how sorry and anxious they had been about Him. He asked her if she did not know that He must be about His Father's work. These are the first of Christ's words recorded in the Scriptures. A mother's anxiety had made her forget the wonderful things about His infancy, or she would not have been so anxious, she would have known that something wise and good was detaining him.

The happy family start on their return to Nazareth, and though he knew so much, knew that He was the Son of God, He was subject unto them. Like a dutiful, obedient son, He lived and worked with them until He was thirty years of age.

Before and after this visit to Jerusalem, out especially before it, would be the school boy days of Jesus, His learning would be in the village schools of the Rabbis, where he would commit the Scriptures to memory, and also the comments of the old teachers upon them.

1. Jesus lived on earth a child and knows how to sympathize with children.

2. The childhood of Jesus shows what children should seek to be, "Strong, active, healthy, wise, religious, obedient to parents."

3. If boys and girls get to twelve years of age and are not about their father's business, they are not doing what Jesus would have them do.

4. The place where a boy is drawn to, shows what kind of a boy he is.

5 August.

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Les. Mark 1: 1-11.
Mem. vs. 9-11.

Gol. Text, Mark 1: 11.
Catechism Q. 87.

When boys are looking forward to something great in life, they do not often stay contentedly at home. But Jesus, though He knew His great work and mission, and how vast the interests that depended upon it, remained quietly at home, obedient and helpful, until he was thirty years of age.

For about four hundred years there had been no prophet from God to Israel as there used to be in the old days, and now the report came through the country that a prophet had come, that he was the forerunner of the Great Messiah, that he was calling on the people to repent of their sins that they might be fitted to welcome that Messiah.

This strange preacher made a great stir in the land. He dressed something like Elijah, and this gave him great authority among the people. He lived on very simple food, and, until he began preaching, he lived most of the time away from men in the lonelier parts of the country, here called the wilderness.

John the Baptist, for this was the great preacher, spoke very plainly. The people flocked from all parts of the country to hear him, and as they remained for a time listening to him they had to find a place in that dry country where there was abundance of water, not for the baptism, but for the drinking and cooking and washing of such throngs, and for their animals that they rode.

The people of Nazareth heard the news, and though it was several days journey distant a great many of them went to hear him. The Messiah himself had been with them for thirty years in their weekly work and in their little synagogue on the Sabbath day, and they did not know it.

Jesus hears the news, He feels that it is now time for Him to take up His great work. He too goes to the Jordan and asks John to baptize Him. John feels in some way that Jesus is much better than he is, that he himself has more need of repentance, and to be baptized of Jesus and he says so. Jesus does not deny it, but asks him to let it be so this time.

Then Jesus steps down to the river brink where John was standing on the edge of the water. Jesus steps into the water beside him. John reaches down his hand in some dish that he has, takes up some water pours it on Jesus, just as he had done with multitudes all day long. Then comes the wonderful sign. A dove coming down to Him and a voice saying from heaven "This is My Beloved Son."

Perhaps nobody but Jesus and John heard that voice for there was no stir among the people. The Messiah had come. The Messiah was among them and they did not know it.

1. Jesus is near to you, with you, as he was in that throng at the Jordan. Have you yet given yourself to Him.